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Andrew "Angy" Ellison - The Unheard Witness

Reminiscences gathered on visits to his home
in Bronxville, New York

December 29, 1979 - Saturday	1:00 p.m. to 9:45 p.m.
March 15, 1980 - Saturday	2:00 p.m. to 10:15 p.m.
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January 31, 1981 - Saturday	10:15 a.m. to 4:15 p.m.
January 2, 1982 - Saturday	12:00 p.m. to 5:20 p.m.
July 7, 1983 - Thursday	10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
May 11, 1985 - Saturday	12:30 p.m. to 5:15 p.m.
June 6, 1987 - Saturday	11:05 a.m. to 3:55 p.m.

As told to his friend, Robert DeLage

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Angelo (Angy) Ellison - 19 Years Old - 1914

Stanton Harcourt
photos taken by
Angy Ellison

The Castle
1915

And in 1916
with Angy's Flagpole
on the Tower

The Meadow Pond
Bridge
at the Farm

Pine Lodge
photos taken by
Angy Ellison

The 1915 wing
as it adjoins
the old house

A portion of
Appleside

and

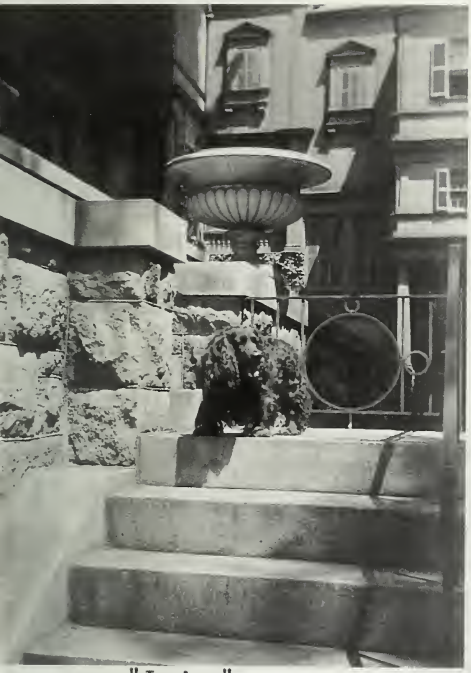
the Nepoleonic
Gates

The Overpass

crossing former

East Street

Dr. John C. Bowker's photos of Pine Lodge - June, 1918



"Junior"

Mr. Searles & "Junior"

Bowker photos - June, 1918

Mr. Searles

The Murray Hill Hotel
circa 1915

Murray Hill Hotel Lobby

The Hotel Entrance circa 1920
in the background
Grand Central Station

The photo of Angy
that Mr. Searles
placed in his room

Angy and Mr. Searles
in New York

November, 1917

The photo that Mr. Searles had taken in New York on October 10, 1917 for Angy

"E.F. Searles presented at the Court of St. James London, England"

Given to Angy by Mr. Searles

Angy Ellison's handwriting appears on both photos

Top Photo: Angy Ellison's Pine Lodge Albums

Bottom Photo: A View of Methuen circa 1899
in one of the Albums
On the left - Pine Lodge
On the right - The Washington Monument
still in its temporary housing

The picture, from Pine Lodge, that Angy kept and treasured

Angy Ellison, center, in New York State - circa 1930

Andy Ellison

On the right
his wife Virginia

On the left
Corinne DeLage

July 7th, 1983

Top shelf
The Chinese Vases

Bottom Shelf
The Carriage Clock

Detail of Vases

The Blue Vases
and
Carriage Clock
given to Angy
by E. F. Searles
at Pine Lodge
in 1915

Mount Hope Cemetery
Hastings-on-Hudson
New York

Ellison Monument
visible between
the two evergreens
in the foreground

Andrew "Angy" Ellison - The Unheard Witness

The Beginning and The Great Estates

My name was Angelo, and my family name was Eliopoulos. After I came to America I wanted to become part of this country, so I changed my name to Ellison, because I was told that that was the American version. "Eli" comes from the Greek word for the sun god, "Helios", and "opoulos" means "the son of"; son of the sun! I changed my name to Andrew after the will trial because reporters were trying to take advantage of me, and I was so disappointed in the way it ended that I didn't want to be bothered anymore. I just wanted to get on with my life.

Before I met Mr. Searles I was working at the Biltmore Hotel. It was across the street from Grand Central Terminal. That hotel, and the other one they built on the other side of Grand Central, the Commodore Hotel, all belonged to the New York Central Railroad. All that was built about the same time and was new when I worked there. It was like a city underneath the station; there were all kinds of shops there, and you could enter the hotel from a passage under the station. I started as a bellboy, and they advanced me to operate the elevators. The manager told me that I would have a good future there; working for the organization. He was going to give me a better job but I left to work for Mr. Searles; but it wasn't like work at all. He got to know me and asked if I wanted to work for him as his assistant; to help him when he went on his business trips, or just around town. We would go walking all over town; he liked to look at the buildings and talk about the architecture. He would like to go to the opera, or to the theater; never a movie!

We would have dinner at one of the big restaurants, or at a big hotel; The Plaza, or to the old Waldorf-Astoria on Fifth Avenue, or someplace else. He would stop at Tiffany's, and that is where he bought me a gold watch, and later a beautiful ring with a green stone in it! I was with him for six years, and I inherited $10,000. through his will, but that was not much when you consider others received millions of dollars, and I believe that he liked me the most. Maybe it was for the best because I'm all right; I have good health, and I watched them put a man on the moon! Maybe if I had gotten some of those millions of dollars I might have become an alcoholic, or a drug addict. Maybe I would have gone crazy over all that money and killed myself! Arthur Walker only lived a few months after the trial ended; they told me that he had a stroke in front of the big fireplace in the castle in New Hampshire! All his money went to his sisters in Canada. They were all older than he was; and to a niece and nephew. So, thank God that I'm still alive!

I started to work for Mr. Searles in 1915, and Stanton Harcourt was the first place he brought me. We came to Methuen, Mr. Searles and I, and we stayed at the Red Tavern. We didn't go to Pine Lodge because it was too late, and he didn't want to bother Miss Littlefield. There were no rooms for guests at Pine Lodge, there were only two bedrooms; the rest was his museum. Carrie Barnes was the manager at the Red Tavern. She ran the place for him, and he sent her a telegram to let her know we would be arriving on a late train and to get rooms ready for us. The next day she fixed breakfast for us, and after that we went

up to see the castle. At that time people were working inside; they still had some woodwork to fix, and the kitchen was not finished yet. Everything there he had made in Boston; Vaughan was his architect. After the kitchen was finished he brought in a nice couple to take care of the place for him. He arranged for me to live with the Seavey family. Seavey was in charge of the estate. The place in Windham was called "Searles Castle", or "Searles Folly". I always called it "the castle" myself. We had over two thousand acres there, and at Stillwater we had about a thousand acres! We had our own sheep, and cows, hogs, chickens, and horses; everything we used there. I had a room in the farm house; that was on the road before you go up the hill to the castle. Seavey's wife would take care of my room and I would have my meals there. I became friends with her daughter, Emma Richter. She was Seavey's step-daughter, and her husband worked there on the farm. Emma liked me, and she named her daughter after me; "Angie". I'm the girl's godfather! Whenever I was up there, in Windham, Mr. Searles would come to visit every day to watch them finish the work inside. Later, when the rooms in the castle were ready, he would sometimes stay overnight and go back to Pine Lodge in the morning, but he would come up again later in the day, to see me. Most of the time though he would go back to Pine Lodge for the night. My room in the castle was on the second floor overlooking the lakes; the old gentleman had his room upstairs.

One of the towers of the castle was unfinished and I had my workshop there. I asked Mr. Searles if I could have a flagpole made for that tower, and he wanted to know why. I said that every English castle had a flagpole on the tower, so I put one up there!

I had a crew move a small house from Rockingham Park up to the estate. Mr. Searles owned land at Rockingham Park at that time, so he had the house moved to Windham and I had my shop in there. He bought me a boat to use on Canobie Lake. The motor that came with it was not that good so I asked Mr. Searles if he could get me a better one. I heard him tell Arthur Walker to order one. When it came I went all over the lake in that boat; I had a lot of fun there, and I learned to skate on Canobie Lake. In the winter they used to cut ice on the lakes for the icehouse on the estate. I remember the blocks were fourteen inches thick! We put them in the icehouse, and covered them with some kind of straw, to keep it cool; the icehouse was in the shade anyways. In the summer we used the ice up at the castle, and on the farm. We had dogs there; I had three dogs myself! Mr. Searles had a dog named "Junior", that would follow him around Pine Lodge without a leash.

I first learned to drive in 1915, up in Windham. Mr. Searles had two Studebaker trucks, and I was shown how to drive; up and down the hill. After I learned the old gentleman bought a Studebaker car for me to use, and later his chauffeur gave me a few lessons on the big Pierce-Arrow. When we came back from trips to New York the driver would meet us in Boston, at the train, and take us to Methuen. I was with Mr. Searles, and the driver, when they went down to the Boston showroom to buy another one; in those days Pierce-Arrows were the best cars made in America, those and Packards. The big Pierce-Arrow was a limousine, with a glass between the driver and the passengers; you could slide the glass to talk with the driver. The newer one he bought that day was a passenger car. He would use that car sometimes, but he never

drove himself; he had his chauffeur. I think he bought that smaller car for me because it was the one that I used in Methuen. One day I asked him if I could use it to go visit a friend in Lewiston, Maine, and he said it was all right. On the way I had an accident. In those days they had big water wagons to use on the roads to keep the dust down, and I hit one and damaged the fender on the car. There weren't any body shops back then, so I went to a blacksmith and he did a good job repairing it. When I got back to Methuen I spoke with Mr. Searles about the accident, and the only thing he was interested to know about was if I had been hurt! All he asked me was, "Are you hurt? No? All right, don't worry about it, as long as you were not hurt." That was the way he was. He didn't care about the car or the money, as long as I was all right!

Well, Stanton Harcourt was a big place; about two thousand acres. Mr. Searles really loved that castle there; he built it to give himself something to do, but his real home was at Pine Lodge. Up at the castle he would take his stick and use it to show the men how he wanted things done. He always carried a cane. In those days all the gentlemen had walking sticks, and when he wanted something done he would make a plan with his cane, right on the ground, and draw just what he wanted. He would say, "You make it like this, here; and do it like that, over there!" He never made the whole design at one time. When the men were finished he would come back and look at it and say it was all right, and make another plan so they could continue. Sometimes it wasn't the way he thought it would look, or he would think of something better, and he would tell them to take it down and rebuild it a different

way. If he was having a wall built and there was a tree in the way he would have the wall built around the tree! He loved beautiful trees! I remember meeting his architect up there, Vaughan; he was a very nice man. He and the old gentleman got along well because both of them were designers, and understood each other. It was Mr. Searles, though, who planned the walls, and changes to the other houses that he owned. We used to walk all around his properties in Methuen, and New Hampshire. He enjoyed looking at everything he made; he loved to do that. Mr. Searles never really finished anything he did; he was always changing or adding something. At the castle there was one part that was just a shell. He was going to put a big room there for the organ from Barrington. He was teaching me how to play on the organ at Pine Lodge, and I think that was why, because he told me that the castle would be mine someday. Pine Lodge was never finished either. When I was with him he was talking to an architect in New York, about something for Pine Lodge; that was later, after his architect Vaughan had died. I met Vaughan a few times. He was an Englishman, and Mr. Searles loved everything English. The furniture for the castle in New Hampshire came from Barrington and Pine Lodge; they were moving it inside when I was living up there. The old gentleman brought a fireplace from France and had it put in the castle; another fireplace came from Europe and he had the whole thing rebuilt and put in Pine Lodge. Mr. Searles loved the castle, but he loved Pine Lodge most of all because he was born there; right there in the old house. It was really his home.

Pine Lodge was full of every kind of treasure you can think of; statues, paintings, and all kinds of beautiful things that came from

Europe and Asia. He had grandfather clocks in the house too. He loved the chimes; you could hear them all over the house. You know, he had some experts come in and they made an inventory of everything in Pine Lodge; each little vase was described. It told where it came from, and the history of it; everything about it! All that history was published in a book; I wonder if anyone has a copy of that book now? That tells me that he had thoughts to make the place into a museum. I told him once that Pine Lodge would make a nice museum to him and his wife, and he said that someday the place would become a museum of some kind; he wanted the whole place kept as he had it.

Mr. Searles had his own bedroom in the house there, and Miss Littlefield had another; all the rest was for his art collection. After I started to work for him he arranged for me to have a room in the house also; everyone else, like Art Brown, the butler, lived in other houses on the property. When Arthur Walker, or other men from his businesses came, they stayed at the Red Tavern; that was his guest house. When Mr. Searles was in Methuen people were always coming to see him on business. There was a little office there, at Pine Lodge, near the house, where he would meet those businessmen; Walker worked in there too, when he came to town. Mr. Searles and Miss Littlefield had an office <u>in</u> Pine Lodge, that he used for his personal business. Edith Littlefield was his cousin and she ran the house for him because he was always going away on business, or traveling; he loved to travel! She had a big checkbook and paid all the bills, and took care of all his correspondence for him. Some people

would write to say that they knew of someone who needed help; lots of people asked for some kind of help. Miss Littlefield would always reply that they would receive an answer when Mr. Searles returned to town. That would give him time to check if a request was from someone really in need. He owned all kinds of property there, all kinds of houses. One day, when I was at Pine Lodge, a man came to tell him that someone could not pay their rent, and Mr. Searles said to forget about it! Many times he didn't make any money on his properties. He told me, himself, that he didn't make enough to pay the taxes on some of his property! He didn't care; he did that to help out people. Mr. Searles was always doing things like that. He built all kinds of churches, all over. In New Hampshire a church burnt down and I was told that he built one to take its place. I remember him speaking to Miss Littlefield and telling her to make sure that everybody who worked for him was paid all year long. He made sure that they were paid every week, or every month. He had a crew of carpenters, and a crew of stonemasons, and kept them on the payroll even if the weather was bad and they couldn't work for a few days, or a few weeks! He always had men out building walls, or a new addition somewhere. He had lots of men out cutting trees, to clear land and have enough wood for all the fireplaces at Pine Lodge, and Stillwater, and the castle in Windham. He would give the extra firewood away to people who couldn't afford to heat their houses. Lots of poor people were helped out like that, and only he and Miss Littlefield knew of it! In those days you were either rich or poor; you didn't have the big middle class like you have today. I remember Miss Littlefield well. I would go into her

office to talk with her; I would kid with her, and make her laugh. She had a sense of humor, and Mr. Searles had a sense of humor too! People didn't think so, but his friends who knew him well knew that! Dr. Bowker, from Lawrence, was a good friend of his, and he was always coming to Pine Lodge for a visit. The old gentleman had lots of close friends; not like what was said in the newspapers; that he didn't bother with anybody. If anybody said that they really didn't know him at all. He wasn't in "The Four Hundred"; he didn't want to be a part of "Society". He just wanted to have his treasures around him, and his friends. I only remember one party he had at Pine Lodge during the time I was with him. Major General Edwards* was there, and Governor Calvin Coolidge was also there, for dinner. Mr. Searles didn't care for big parties; he usually wanted plain food. If he had company like that he would hire a special cook just for that dinner. He ate plain food, and he liked plain people too! Breakfast was the big meal of the day for us; he would say that what you eat for breakfast would carry you through most of the day. We would always have some orange juice, then some hot cereal. After that we had something like baked beans and brown bread, then finish with deep-dish apple pie and whipped cream! For dinner we didn't eat much at all; a light lunch. And for supper we would have something light; some cold cuts and tea. He believed that you should sleep on a light stomach. When I lived in Windham I would stay at the farm house with the Seaveys. They always had big breakfasts there; I would eat five eggs! And when Mr. Searles

* Major General Clarence R. Edwards

went on a trip we would always have those big breakfasts too; ham and eggs, and everything! Do you know what I miss most about New England? Those Boston baked beans! The way they made them in a special pot; they would bake all night. That was the way they made them in those days. I'll never forget the way they taste; so good! I still like them, I prefer "B & M" the best!

At Pine Lodge he had special people come in to care for all his art treasures; to clean those paintings, and the organs. I remember there was a man coming from Springfield to take care of the organs. You couldn't just hire a cleaning girl to take care of those treasures. The big organ he had at that hall in Methuen was one of the best organs in the world! I remember a man coming from Germany to play it; Mr. Searles brought him over at his own expense just to have the chance to play it! People would come from all over the world to hear it! I don't remember him playing that one himself, but he played the organs in Pine Lodge for me. He was teaching me how to play on the organ in Pine Lodge. He sat next to me on the seat, and told me how to play, and what to do. He could play very well. You know, he taught me to appreciate those things; the art and the organ music. After he died, and I was still in New York, I would go down to hear the organ concerts at the big Paramount theater. I still like that today; I can still appreciate good art, and music!

We had three organs at Pine Lodge; he liked the organ much better than he liked playing the piano. He had an organ factory there in Methuen that was once an old mill building. He owned

all kinds of property; I think he even owned some mills there, in Methuen. Mr. Searles wanted to control all that land around his estate, because he wanted to keep it looking nice.

When the old gentleman was in Methuen, and didn't need me, I was free to go anywhere I wanted. I made friends with some Greek fellows who worked in Lawrence, and in the shoe factories in Lowell. Do you know that at that time America made more shoes than any other country, and they sold those shoes all over the world! There were shoe factories in Lawrence, in Lowell, Haverhill, and in Manchester, New Hampshire; now they are all closed. When I was living in Greece those American shoes were the ones we wanted; when we had a pair we were happy! They would sell them all over Europe, and Asia Minor.

In New York and In Uniform

After I began to work for Mr. Searles he rented a suite at the Murray Hill Hotel, on Park Avenue. It was an old-fashioned hotel, and he liked it because it was just one block from Grand Central Terminal. It was a family hotel, and we had an apartment there. He could take a cab, or the subway to his office down on Broadway, near Wall Street. Arthur Walker ran the office for him. Mr. Searles would meet there with businessmen who came to see him about his properties. Most businessmen smoked cigars in those days; the old gentleman never smoked! They would come into his office and there would be no ashtray, and they would ask if it was all right to smoke. Mr. Searles would tell them, "Go ahead and smoke. I don't mind." He didn't want to make them feel uncomfortable even if it would mean he would have to put up with the smoke. That's the way he was!

He liked to travel and visit his properties. I went on trips with him to those railroads and coal fields he owned in Pennsylvania. He would always arrange to travel in a private railroad car for those trips. He was treated like a dignitary because he owned a railroad himself; the Pittsburgh and Shamut. We each had our own rooms, and a parlor; half the car in those days! On those business trips he would always call me "his boy"! He would introduce me to those officials, who ran his railroad and coal fields, with, "I want you to meet my boy, Angy." After I was introduced I would go off to the side, so I wouldn't interrupt their business, but I could hear him speak about me like I was his son! One time we stayed in Philadelphia, and he was going to see the Rowlands. I asked him

who they were, and he told me they were cousins; he said, "I try to help them." One time he took me to see the castle he owned in (Great) Barrington. I was only there once with him, but I knew that he went there himself, from time to time. We stayed there, in the castle. There was furniture in it; it wasn't empty like what was said. I don't remember too much about it, but it was a big place! He told me he had it built for his wife. Some of the furniture in Pine Lodge, and the castle in Windham, came from there.

While in New York we would go all over town. It was on one of those walks that he told me he was buying a place out in the country, in upstate New York, for Arthur Walker; as a place for him to retire. One day the old gentleman and I were in front of one of his buildings and I said that maybe I could have an office in it! He said, "Don't bother with that building; I'm getting rid of it! It's too old-fashioned, not up to date at all; besides, you're going to have a lot of buildings some day!" At that time New York was his legal residence, but at some time in the future he planned to make Massachusetts his legal residence again. He said he was selling off his New York property. It was at that time that he told me that I would have the castle in Windham someday. I was surprised, and asked him how I would be able to afford it. He told me that I would also be getting enough money to keep it up! I knew he was telling me the truth because I felt that he would do anything for me! He used to give me spending money, and he bought me a gold watch at Tiffany's. Another time we stopped there and he bought me a gold ring, with a big green stone in it, for a thousand dollars; he picked it out

for me! In those days it wasn't the gold that made it that expensive; it was the value of the stone. Later on in my life I was working under a car trying to fix it and I slipped and hit the ring on something and the stone fell out. I picked it up and the stone was all right but the ring was bent. I put the stone, and the ring, in an envelope until I could get it fixed, but I mislaid it and it was lost; both the stone and the ring! Another time he bought me a Graphlex camera; it was a beauty! Real expensive! It cost three hundred dollars then; it was about the best camera you could buy. I took a lot of pictures in New York, and at Pine Lodge, and the castle in New Hampshire, and I only have a few left now. I moved a few times in my life and lost most of them; and some I gave away. Mr. Searles would have me go to his tailor, and all my clothes were made special for me. On Sundays, in New York, we always went to the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. Mr. Searles gave money for some of the work there because his architect, Henry Vaughan, designed a few of the chapels. Inside you see those lanterns; he spoke about them. They are beautiful and I think he gave those to the Cathedral. He built many churches, and he gave money for the National Cathedral; the Bethlehem Chapel there. We went to Washington to see it, he and I, and they were building it at that time. His architect, Henry Vaughan, designed it, and after Vaughan died he was buried there; right at the Cathedral.*

In 1917 I went into the Army; I wasn't drafted, I enlisted. Afterwards, I realized that Mr. Searles was pulling strings for me

* Note: Henry Vaughan died June 30th, 1917.

behind the scenes, to keep me from going to Europe. All my pals went over but the old gentleman had me transferred from camp in Allentown, Pennsylvania, to New Jersey so he could see me more often. When my pals went over to Europe, and I stayed behind, I cried like a baby. I was in the Army for two and a half years. During the winter I was at Allentown, where there was a training camp for the ambulance corps. I knew how to drive; it wasn't everybody who could drive at that time. Some of those boys had never been in a car before, let alone drive one! They had me teach the men how to drive ambulances and trucks. All the while I was in camp at Allentown Mr. Searles used to come out to visit me every week. He gave me spending money so I could eat out anytime, because the Army food was poor; just beans and sometimes beef stew. Later, when I was stationed in New Jersey, I really ate good! I don't think I ate the regular Army food more than twenty times in all! That's what I was doing when a truck backed into my arm and broke it. I couldn't drive anymore, then, because you had to use the clutch and a big floor shift. So, I was transferred to Hoboken, New Jersey, where I was a dispatcher. It was right across from New York City, and when I was not on duty I could go into the City and stay at the Murray Hill apartment. I'm sure Mr. Searles used his influence to get me transferred there. When my arm was better I was assigned as driver for a General Shanks; later they named a camp for him. Camp Shanks, up in New York. He was a rough guy; he wanted me to run down the people in the streets! People would be walking and I would have to just about crawl. He said, "What are you doing? You're crawling! Get going; they'll get out of the way!" Well, I spoke to my officer there; he was a nice guy

and he told me that he would get me another duty. So I became the driver for a Navy captain who planned ship movements from New York harbor; it was a security operation. They would load ships and then they would sit two, three, or four days before sailing. Only he knew when they would sail; and I knew too because I was stationed in his office. I would drive him out to Staten Island, or Long Island; all over! I remember he would have me take him to a house, somewhere in Brooklyn, and tell me to go and have some coffee and pick him up later, or the next morning at five o'clock! I was still driving for him when the war ended in 1918. It was almost the middle of 1919 and I was still assigned, and the old gentleman was as mad as the devil! He wanted me out! I think he went to his friend, Major General Edwards, to get me out, and he did!

Travels and Mr. Searles' Passing

Mr. Searles loved to travel and had been planning a trip to Europe; to go after the war was finished. But I was released too late, in 1919, so we went across Canada to Vancouver, instead, that year. We went up to Lake Louise, in Alberta, and we didn't stay in the big hotel, but in one of the cottages on the lake. While we were there the manager found out who he was, and that he owned a railroad. Those big hotels in Canada were owned by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, so they treated him like the owner of a railroad would be treated! I wanted to hire a couple of horses and go riding with him, up the mountain. He laughed, and told me to go and enjoy myself. So, I went alone; all the way up! You reach a point where you would put the horses, and then you would walk up the rest of the way; five hundred feet further up! There was a tea house up there and, if you wanted, they would let you carve your name in the wood. There were names there from all over the world, and I carved my name there! While we were at Lake Louise I had a toothache; a bad one! The closest dentist was at Banff, about forty miles away. So Mr. Searles arranged for us to go down by train; it was all arranged for us in advance. After we left Lake Louise we went on to Vancouver, then to Seattle, and then to San Francisco, where we stayed at a big hotel on Nob Hill! After that we went to Chicago, then to Buffalo, where we had to spend a few days because I was sick. He arranged for me to see a specialist there. We went all over. When we returned to Methuen Pine Lodge wasn't ready, so we stayed at the Red Tavern. We used to stay there, sometimes, after a trip. I stayed there, or stopped in

for lunch a few times myself, when I was working for Mr. Searles. I knew the manager, Mrs. Barnes, very well! When we were back at Pine Lodge I was talking, one day, to Arthur Brown's daughter. He was a kind of butler there, and helped Miss Littlefield run the place. His daughter was a nice girl; pretty, but kind of pudgy. We were just walking on the grounds, shooting the breeze, and the old gentleman must have seen us because he spoke to me about it that same day. He said, "Don't get serious with her. I want you to marry a princess, not just any girl!" He thought I was something special. I was special to him; he thought of me as his own son. Well, later, during the will trial, Art Brown, and others, testified for Walker's lawyers. They testified that they didn't know that the old gentleman thought of me as special; I was surprised! Well, when we took that trip Mr. Searles was feeling all right, and he was in good spirits because he was traveling again. A few weeks later we were back in New York, at the Murray Hill apartment, and one night he called for me because he couldn't pass urine and was in pain; he had a prostate gland condition and had been treated for that before. I was scared, so I went down to the desk and asked them to call his doctor; Dr. McCarthy. He came in and after he spoke with Mr. Searles the doctor started to bleed him. In those days they thought that would relieve the pressure, so that he could pass urine. I saw the blood and I fainted, and when I fell I hit my head on the radiator! When I came to Mr. Searles helped the doctor to get me up, and he was telling the doctor to forget about himself, for the moment, and take care of me first! That's how he was; but I told them that I was all right. He was treated for that, while we were in New York,

and afterwards he felt all right again.

Later that year I received the news that my mother had died and that my family there could use my help. Mr. Searles had his New York office book passage for me on a steamer, so that I could return to Greece. The trip took twenty-three days! I was away for about five months because I was arranging to bring my whole family over; Mr. Searles gave me enough money to do that, and when I was there he sent me another thousand dollars! He was very good to me and I wasn't able to thank him enough for what he did for me and my family. During the time I was gone he took sick again, in New York, and I never knew about it; he didn't want me to worry about it! When I returned to New York he was at the Murray Hill apartment, and that was when I found he had been sick, and Walter (Glidden), from Pine Lodge, was taking care of him. He hugged me, and cried; he was so happy to see me again! After that, when we were back in Methuen, Mr. Searles was talking to me and said that since he was going to rest at Pine Lodge until he felt well enough to travel again, that I should get an education and that he would ask Arthur Walker to find a good school for me. I went to a school in New York, but the course was too difficult for me to understand; it was a language problem. At the same time I was nervous about the old gentleman because I wasn't in contact with him. I went to see Walker, I always called him "Arthur", and he said I should get away to unwind. He persuaded me that Mr. Searles wasn't that bad and that I should take a vacation. So I went to the Catskills because I knew someone up there. While I was there the old gentleman was dying in Methuen, but I didn't

know it! Seavey's step-daughter, Emma, back in New Hampshire, was writing to me at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York. That's where she thought I was. She was saying that Mr. Searles was dangerously ill and that I should get back to Methuen because he would want to see me. Well, I received a telegram from Arthur Walker, at where I was staying in the Catskills, because he knew where I was. He informed me that the old gentleman had died, and to come back to Methuen for the services. I went back to New York and while I was waiting for the next train to Boston I walked to the hotel to get some things from my room, and that's when I found two or three letters from Emma Richter saying, "Angy, where are you? Why don't you answer me? Mr. Searles is very sick, and you should come back right away!" That was my mistake, going on that vacation. If I had been in New Hampshire, at the castle, or in New York, I would have heard about it, and would have gone back to Methuen in time to see him again.

When I arrived at Pine Lodge they had Mr. Searles' casket in the big hall, and in the hallway, before you go into that hall, were the officers from the businesses he owned; the people from his railroads and coal mines in Pennsylvania. Those were the people I had met when the old gentleman took me on tours of his properties. They recognized me coming in and they all stood up! I believe that they thought that I was going to be his heir! I was at Pine Lodge for the funeral, and was there when they read the will. He was put in the tomb he built for himself, and for his wife and parents; he built four places there. That tomb is like a small church, and I was at Pine Lodge when they were

building it. When it was finished he was going to move his wife and parents, to be there, underneath the chapel. That's why he was planning to go to Europe, and to England, with me, to get some things for that chapel. And he wanted some special doors; metal doors, with plate glass. Something really beautiful and special! He didn't want them moved there until it was all finished; so he could have a ceremony and dedication. Because I was released from the Army so late, in 1919, he said that we would go to Europe the following year, for a few months. So, instead, we went up to Canada, and to the west coast. The next year he was sick, and he wasn't able to travel; he died that August.

When they read the will I found that I was to get $10,000. I spoke with Arthur Walker, and he said that Mr. Searles never told him that I was to get any more than that. He said that he would give me money each month until I could find a job. I wasn't getting any other information from him, and I was so disappointed that I left Pine Lodge and went to New York to stay with a friend. Before I left, Miss Littlefield gave me some pictures of myself that Mr. Searles had in his own rooms in Methuen. She was a wonderful woman; she was good to me there. It was the picture I had taken while I was at camp at Allentown, Pennsylvania. I have another of it because I also took the one from his room at the Murray Hill apartment. There was another one in his room up in the castle in New Hampshire, but I left that one in his memory. Mr. Searles had that photograph of me enlarged from the small one that I sent to him. I didn't know that until he told me later. He kept my pictures in his rooms all the time, which prooves what he thought of me. He always treated me like a son!

The Will Trial and Later Years

After I left Pine Lodge, and went back to New York, I moved out of the apartment at the Murray Hill Hotel and went to stay with a friend. I didn't know it but a detective hired by Mr. Searles' nephew was looking for me. That nephew was an alcoholic; he was not a good man. I only found that out later! His lawyers wanted to find me. They must have been talking to people at the Murray Hill because they knew that's where Mr. Searles was living. I told them that I didn't think Walker was treating me very good; that I had letters from Mr. Searles, and that he wrote to me, and treated me like a son. I was still speaking to Walker at that time. I would visit the office and Walker told me that after a certain date I would be on my own. When the nephew's lawyers approached me they convinced me that they would have a strong case against Walker because they needed me to go against him; so I cooperated with them. They told me that they could use my information to help them win, and that I would get quite a lot out of it. I made a mistake there; I made a few mistakes now that I look back on it. Later, I found that they were just using me! The nephew settled with Walker for four million dollars, and I didn't get anything out of it once they got their money. That's why I went against Walker on my own later. When I started that court action it was at the advice of other lawyers. They approached me and convinced me that Walker would settle with us; like with the case of Mr. Searles' nephew. We had one of Mr. Searles' best friends, Dr. Bowker, from Lawrence, to come testify in my favor. He knew that the old gentleman thought of me as his son. Walker said he never

knew of that! Maybe Mr. Searles never told him. I believe now that he made a mistake not telling him. Miss Littlefield didn't seem to know that either, because she testified that he liked me, and helped me out, but that I was his valet.

Dana Seavey, who ran the farm in Windham, testified for Walker's side. Seavey inherited thousands of dollars by Mr. Searles' will, and he didn't tell the truth in court; the first thing he said wasn't the truth! When his step-daughter, Emma Richter, heard about it she told him, "You lied!" Walker's lawyers tried to discredit Mr. Searles; imagine that! They wanted control of his money but didn't even care about his memory; and the old gentleman was the kindest man you could know. He did so many things for people, and he never asked for any publicity about it.

During the trial Walker's lawyers spoke with the head of the jury during a recess. I pointed that out to my lawyer, Aaron. He was soft; he told me not to worry because we had everything we need to win the case because the jury was sympathetic to me, but the final verdict was against me in favor of Walker. The judge told the jury, before they came to their decision, that the letters Mr. Searles wrote to me were personal but did not prove that he considered me his son, but that I must prove that Walker influenced Mr. Searles against me when he made those wills. It was up to me to prove fraud, and I couldn't prove it.

After the trial Arthur Walker came up to me to say that he didn't want there to be any hard feelings between us, but I was so upset that I didn't want to bother with him. Maybe that was

another mistake; maybe I should have had a talk with him. I was very upset that they brought in people to say that Mr. Searles was not in his right mind! That's what they testified in court! But those lawyers contradicted themselves, because during the same time that they were saying Mr. Searles was not in his right mind, he made out those wills in Walker's favor; and when he made out those wills they claimed that he was in his right mind! After I saw that the lawyers arranged to have the estate go to Walker, I was so disappointed that I wanted to get away from there. When Walker approached me after the trial he said that he would be willing to have me take a course in some school if I wanted. When the old gentleman was alive I had gone to a private school, but the course was hard and I couldn't understand everything at the time. Maybe I made a mistake by not taking Walker's offer; maybe I should have tried something else. I often wondered why he approached me like that; maybe his conscience was bothering him. He won his case but he didn't live to enjoy the money. Just five months after the trial he was up at the castle in New Hampshire and he died from a stroke; right in front of the big fireplace there. That's where I heard that they found him.

In 1927, after the will trial, I was offered a job at the Studebaker dealership in Manhattan. I knew all about that make of automobile because we had them up in New Hampshire, and the dealer wanted me to learn about selling Studebaker cars. The dealerships were owned by the car companies in those days and you had to learn about the cars before you could sell them.

In those days you had to teach the buyers how to drive, because not very many people knew how. I knew because Mr. Searles bought me a Studebaker car to drive in Windham; I also knew how to drive his new Pierce-Arrow car. That's why that dealer wanted to hire me; I could drive all those cars. In 1928 I left that dealership because I didn't like the way he did business, and later, I heard Studebaker let him go! So, I knew someone in Yonkers who ran a theater there, and he asked me to come work for him because his boss, who owned fifty theaters in New York, wanted to open another in Yonkers. So, I moved up into his little bachelor's apartment. He was my best friend, and later, was my son's godfather! We were both bachelors in those days. He worked days, and lived on a schedule. They wanted someone to work nights, so, I would get up when I pleased, and didn't live on a schedule! After about a year the Ford agency, here in Yonkers, was looking for someone, so I sold cars there; later, I went to work for Chrysler. In 1932 I was very sick, with inflamation of the colon, and had to quit work. I had a good friend who owned a hotel in Lake George village. The doctor told me to go to the country for a rest and get some fresh air. I went up to the hotel there and my friend asked me to stay and help him run the place; so I did, for a year! Prohibition had just ended and I went to Albany to get a license, to open a bar at the hotel. I hired a bartender, and bought everything we needed to run it; all the glasses and equipment. The bartender taught me how to mix drinks, so I could help him out when things got busy. I stayed all the winter when business was slow; only a few tourists and hunters, but I liked the winter air. I needed only five hours

sleep at night because the air was so good for me! I really had a good time there; two years later I was married and my free days were over! I went into the car business back in Yonkers, with a partner, and later he bought me out for $15,000. I doubled my investment, and with that I opened a used car lot here in Yonkers. Then, I opened a second one, and later, a third; I had three going at once! During the war, when we couldn't get cars to sell, I worked for a shipyard; after the war I started with Chevrolet, at Yonkers Motors. Later, in 1946, I had my own dealership for Kaiser-Frazer cars. I was working fourteen to sixteen hours a day and it was too much for me, so I sold it off and started working for someone I knew who ran a Pontiac dealership. I was the general manager of the used car department there, because I had been selling used cars for years. Some people would go over my head, to see the owner, to get a better deal, but he never went over my head. He would tell them, "Andy is giving you the best deal he can; I'm afraid I can't do any better." You know, I respected him for that. In 1951 I was offered the position as head of the used car department at Allen Chevrolet, on Broadway in New York, on the west side. They are gone now, but they were the biggest Chevy dealership in the country; they sold three to four thousand cars a year! The showroom was on Broadway, and their garage was over on 10th Avenue. I would drive down from Yonkers every morning; a twenty-minute drive into the city. They knew me from when I had my own business, and wanted me to work as manager of their used car department because I knew everything about that business!

Reflexions

Mr. Searles told me that he wanted to adopt me as his son, but his advisers in New York influenced him against it. They told him that it would bring him negative publicity if he adopted "an immigrant Greek;" that's how they described it. They knew that he didn't like publicity, and he would be influenced by that. People were jealous of him, and the newspapers were always digging for a story, and he knew it. He told me about it later, but said that after the war ended he would speak with his lawyers in Massachusetts about adopting me, and I knew that he would do anything for me. I had enough respect for him not to ask for too much; he was always giving me things! I never pressed him on it because he told me that he would do it; but later he became sick and I didn't want to mention it to him. He expected to recover because he was still planning to build at Pine Lodge, and in Windham, and he said that he felt that he was going to live for many more years! He was sending me to school in New York, to have the education that his "son" should have, but the course was too difficult for me; I had a hard time to understand it. I was grateful for what the old gentleman was doing for me; he was always introducing me to people as, "I want you to meet my boy, "Angy." I was treated like his heir. I was always at the table with him and Miss Littlefield when we were at Pine Lodge. Walker was his business secretary and never ate with us. I once dined with Governor Calvin Coolidge, and General Edwards, at Pine Lodge. Mr. Searles arranged for me to have a bedroom at Pine Lodge; to use while I was there. Before that there were only two bedrooms in the

house; one for himself, and one for his cousin, Miss Littlefield. One day he put two blue vases on the mantle of the fireplace in my bedroom and he said, "You should have something here to decorate your room. I want you to have these vases." Another time he gave me a carriage clock because he thought I would enjoy the chimes. When I packed my things to leave Pine Lodge, after he died, I took them with me to remind me of him because I knew that he wanted me to have them. I also took a bottle of cologne that he used; all you had to do was put on a drop of it, and it would last all day! It was so nice. I always tried to find some myself but I don't know where he bought it; he must have got it on one of his trips to Europe. You know, I still had some not too long ago; I kept it and used it only once in a while. I have this picture * that was taken by Dr. Bowker; he was a good friend of Mr. Searles. It was in the hallway at Pine Lodge. I liked it and Mr. Searles told me to take it for my room; later I took it up to my room in the castle at Windham. Dr. Bowker took that picture in 1910, or 1912, and gave it to Mr. Searles. I took the picture with me when I left, and also a small album of pictures Dr. Bowker took of Pine Lodge. Dr. Bowker was a good friend of Mr. Searles. He was an eye doctor in Lawrence; the old gentleman went to him, and I went to him myself. He would come to visit at Pine Lodge and Mr. Searles would play the organ for him; the old gentleman really enjoyed playing for his friends. I also have two albums of pictures of Pine Lodge, and Methuen, that were taken by another friend of Mr. Searles; those were taken before I knew him. I took those albums as a souvenir of the place. And when Miss Littlefield

* A large, framed, photograph of a sleeping dog, with two kittens.

heard that I would be leaving she told me to go into Mr. Searles' room and take the photo of myself, in my Army uniform, that he had in there. I know that the old gentleman liked Pine Lodge most of all because he was born there, and that was where he wanted to be put when he passed away; and he wanted his wife and his parents there also. The place was too rambling for my taste. After Mr. Searles died I was there for the service, and I heard people saying that he spent two million dollars on Pine Lodge. I always liked the castle in Windham the best; I considered it home because Mr. Searles took me there to live after I started working for him. In the 1940s we went up to Windham to visit people I still knew there. We went inside the castle and there wasn't as much furniture in it as I remembered. Emma Richter took us inside then. Down in Methuen we drove by Pine Lodge and looked at the walls; that was all! I married in 1935, and my son Peter was born in 1942, and my daughter in 1944. My daughter married a man from Ipswich, Mass. They live on Long Island, in Queens. My son is a bachelor and lives in New Fairfield, Connecticut, on Candlewood Lake. In my younger days I would drive to New England, to Narragansett, Rhode Island, just to visit and have clam chowder; it was delicious! You couldn't beat the way they made it there! That's why people say that I'm from New England; because I spoke about it so much!

Fremmer came here to talk to me, and ask me to help him with his book. Well, Fremmer was small; very polite. He was a nice young man, so I wanted to help him. But he never published his book, and you say he lives in Jamaica now! I have a copy of his story, and I see where he went to the courthouse to see the

transcript of the trial, because he included the contents of the letters that Mr. Searles wrote to me. I gave those letters to my lawyers and they held them in their records; after the trial they never sent them back to me like I asked them to, and they lost track of them. I let it go at the time, but I wish I had gone back to ask for them again because they were the only personal letters he wrote to anyone, outside of Miss Littlefield. At Pine Lodge she did all the correspondence for him; he never wrote to anyone else! Those letters he wrote to me were copied into the transcript of the trial in the courthouse; they became public record and Fremmer must have copied that part of the transcript. That was over thirty years ago that he came here, and those court records are all discarded by now.

When Fremmer came to see me we were living on Brewster Avenue. We had that apartment for thirty-one years; from 1946 to 1977. We paid $23,500. for this apartment in 1977; today (1985) it's worth $75,000. At first we paid $250. a month for the upkeep fee; now it's $350. We get heat and electricity included, so that's still good considering the area. I'm still working; I keep the books for the Broadway Inn Restaurant, and more recently for a new restaurant that opened on Central Park Avenue. I go each Monday to make the payroll. I know all the people who own every restaurant in the area. I used to be the head of the local business organization, and I've known every mayor since I came here fifty years ago! Lately I was in the hospital for sixty days, and my arm was in a cast for eighty-four days. I've only been out twice since I've been home; once, in an ambulance to

the doctor, and the other time on my own. I can't go gallivanting around anymore! While I was in the hospital they treated me for a prostate problem. You know, when you get old those things happen to you! That doesn't matter to me because I'm just happy to be feeling better now, and I can use my hand a little more all the time. I'm eighty-seven now! (January, 1982) I'm working on eighty-eight this year, and have to wait until December thirty-first to reach eighty-eight. By the old calendar I was born on December eighteenth, but by the European and American calendars it was New Year's Eve; December thirty-first. My mother told me that I was born on the thirty-first because she could hear the people, the Europeans who lived in town, blowing horns in the street when I was born. That's what she said. I can't complain; I'm eighty-seven now and I've outlived all my friends. My best friend, who was my son's godfather, died of a heart attack a while ago; another old friend of mine just died also, and I still feel good! Some days I feel just like a kid again! People ask me what I do to be so well at my age, and I tell them it's because I always lived against nature! My best friend, who had a heart attack, always lived according to a schedule; he ate at the same time every day, and slept at the same time every night. Me? I never lived on a schedule when I was a bachelor, and I would get up anytime I felt like it, and ate anything I had; maybe just a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and I might not eat again for twelve hours! Now, the doctors tell you to live on a schedule and you'll live longer, but my friend is gone and I'm still alive! If I have a secret for living longer I think it's because I don't let anything bother me, or worry me. I took what comes. If I

said I was planning a trip, or something, I never worried about the weather, or anything else. If I had to change my plans for some reason I just put it off for another time.

Sometimes I think the Good Lord made all this happen, because it might have changed my personality if I had some of those millions of dollars; it might have turned my head, and I might have gone crazy or something. Just five months after Walker got his money he was in front of the fireplace in Windham and he had a stroke, or a heart attack! All that fortune went to his family in Canada. Me? Well, I watched them put a man on the moon, and saw all that space exploration. You know, I belong to a business organization * here; I was the secretary and manager there for a long time. Two years ago they had a function, and they stood up and honored me; applauded me for being a leader in our community. That was worth more to me than any money anyone could give me!

* Intercity Associates, Inc.

Epilogue

Andrew M. Ellison passed away on Wednesday, January 6, 1988, in his ninety-third year. Burial took place at Mount Hope Cemetery, Hastings-On-Hudson, Westchester County, New York. On the wall of Andrew Ellison's room, in his Bronxville home, were two framed photographs. One, was the actual photo of 'Angy' in his Army uniform, that Mr. Searles had enlarged for his own room at Pine Lodge. The other was the photo of Mr. Searles that he had taken for 'Angy', who kept and treasured them all his life.

Edward F. Searles

ANDREW M. ELLISON
1 GEORGIA AVE.
BRONXVILLE, N.Y
10708

Dec 14 1979

Dear Mr DeLage

I will be glad to meet you at my home on Saturday Dec 29th in the afternoon if it is possible for you to do so if not call me at the 914-793-5032.

Sincerely
Andy Ellison